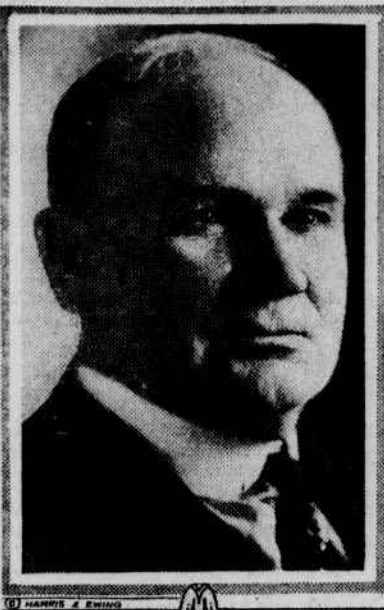


ADVENTURE AND GRIT LED THESE MEN TO SENATE

Frank R. Gooding, junior Republican Senator from Idaho and former Governor of that State.



by EDWIN C. HILL.
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EVER so often some individual previously unremarkable or at least unremarked tops the grade of fame and admits that he was born in that mysterious respectability across the East River from Manhattan, Brooklyn. The Congressional Directory, interesting work of contemporary fiction though it be, is doubtless veracious in any number of such confessions. You would be surprised, plowing through the commendatory statistics of this collection of autobiographies, to note how many of our present day statesmen took their origin somewhere about Red Hook.

Among these one time Brooklynites is the junior United States Senator from the sovereign State of Nevada, the Hon. (as the style hath it) Tasker Lowndes Oddie, discoverer of Tonopah. There! The secret is out. While many and various distinctions cluster round the noble brows of our Senators, Oddie, so far as I know, is the only one who ever discovered a whole flock of silver and gold mines. This was in 1898, when Oddie and his partner prospector, Jim Butler, combined their capital and counted up to \$25 in real money.

Nowadays it would not be polite to ask Oddie how much he is worth. He owns mines, ranches, kind faced old Hereford cows by the thousand, real estate and the delectable documents that must be clipped twice a year to keep them in good condition.

Went West for His Health Soon After He Was 16

Beginning with Brooklyn, since one must, Oddie added one to the population on the 24th day of October, 1870. It is a date that Nevada remembers proudly, even if Brooklyn has forgotten all about it. He had all the education that could be crammed into him up to the age of 16 and until the doctors gave the family the alternative of buying a railroad ticket or a plot in Greenwood Cemetery for a very sick boy. So young Oddie went to Nebraska, filled his lungs with sunshine and ozone, punched cows for the fun of it and came back East a he man.

Circumstances edged him into real estate and the study of law, but he had the tang of the West in his blood. The East was too tame. The Stokes family of New York, owning mining properties in Nevada and persuaded that they were being defrauded by rascals in their employ, hired Oddie to go out to Nevada and investigate. He discovered, through private detective work exposing him to sudden death by lead poisoning, that the Stokeses hadn't suspected the half of it. He cleaned up the swindlers, took his pay, got interested in mining for his own sake and went into the sagebrush a-prospecting.

Oddie knows what it is to sleep in the desert, under the stars, lulled by the soothing rustle of sidewinders and the plaints of melancholy burros singing to the inconstant moon. In this existence he accumulated a knowledge of rock and of ore signs which came in very handy presently.

The best piece of luck that befell him was meeting old Jim Butler. The prospector, suspicious, and rightly, of most people, took a liking to the young fellow from the East and presently revealed a secret that many persons too "wise" to be intelligent had laughed at. Old Jim showed samples of ore that assays had rejected, or rather had declined to waste time with their crucibles. They said silver and gold could not possibly be where Butler said he had located croppings. It just couldn't be and that ended the matter. It didn't do old Jim any good to remind the wisecracks that gold and silver were where you found them. They knew too much.

The Mizpah Mine of Tonopah And It Was Sold for \$350,000

Oddie, fortunately, was not so sure of his omniscience. He induced a young assayer friend of his to put the fire to Old Jim's samples and when the result showed silver running \$60 to \$800 to the ton Oddie swore him to secrecy and lit out with his partner for the claims in the desert. All they had was the little they could carry—no stove, no tent, no fuel except sagebrush. Water had to be hauled for miles. This was the Mizpah mine of the future Tonopah, and in 1900 the partners sold it for \$350,000. Their first check was for \$900 after they had broken out their first load of ore. Oddie remembers that the

Life Histories of Six Juniors Are Vivid

Personal Stories of Little Known Members Show Wide Human Experience Took Them to High Place in Nation's Council and Records Prove No Accident Brought Them Into Power—
Hitherto Unpublished Facts About Six High Representatives of Widely Scattered States

check came as a lifesaver. Tonopah became rapidly one of the greatest mining camps in history, both gold and silver, and Goldfield came into being as a result of Tonopah.

Oddie got into politics about that time and was elected Governor of the State in 1911. Last year, running for the Senate, he upset a strong Democratic majority and pulled through by better than a thousand votes. That's a lot in Nevada, where the total vote is less than 25,000—equivalent to 100,000 in New York. He delights in a big ranch in southern Nevada, upon which he breeds Herefords. His political strength

Peter Norbeck of South Dakota is one of the strong men from the farm States in the Senate.



in the Sagebrush State is built upon his reputation as a square mining man.

Idaho stands for Borah and Borah for Idaho, somehow. The Hon. William Edgar lends himself to advertisement with singular facility. He fills the eye and the ear, too, for that matter, colorful person all around. But Borah isn't the only Senator from that State. The Constitution is respected. Idaho possesses the usual number, two.

How about the other, Frank R. Gooding, who came in with the rest of the new crew in the general Republican uprising last year?

Who is this person Gooding that a college should be named after him? He went a long way around to get to Idaho and the United States Senate, beginning in Devonshire, England. Ordinarily we do not import Senators from England, so this accident of birth is not of special importance. As the obituaries say, he "moved to the United States with his parents at an early age." You always form a mental picture after reading this phrase of a precocious, determined child dragging mother and father after him as he dashes ahead into a new country.

Family Went to Michigan, But West Lured the Youth

At all events, the Goodings, good Devon folk, became good Americans, settling in a Michigan village, which rejoiced, does still no doubt, in the name of Paw Paw. But the West lured young Gooding long before he was out of his teens. He went to California, didn't like it, and finally landed in Idaho to become a contractor in miners' supplies and in developing mining properties. He made money in a steady, plugging sort of way, got into politics to help clean up a deal of crookedness, was Governor of the State twice and finally won promotion to the Senate.

Now he owns ranches in the Snake River country and takes greatest pride in having converted some hundreds of sagebrush acres into a college campus, Gooding College.

During a blizzard in '89 his wife and himself nearly froze to death in a cabin which stood where Gooding College stands now. He is short, stout, bald and slow of speech, Devonshire cropping out in him. He believes in the Bible, the Constitution of the United States and a protective tariff, and is not altogether convinced that the Bible and the Constitution are more essential to the nation's welfare than protection of the McKinley variety.

Before Edwin Freemont Ladd of North Dakota came to the Senate that body rejoiced in about every profession and trade except that of chemist. There were doctors, lawyers, school teachers, merchants, cowboys, gold miners, sheepmen, rich men's sons, authors, journalists, bankers.

Early in 1920 Edwin Freemont Ladd decided that the profession of chemistry should be honored with a seat in the Senate. The point of view did not appeal to the regular Republicans of the State, whose imagination had not risen above a lawyer, but it was a case of be nice to Ladd or be left out in the cold. Dr. Ladd, you see, is a Non-Partisan Leaguer, concerned with the very origin of that movement in the Northwest, and since the Non-Partisan League controlled more votes than the Republican party the Republicans compromised by nominating Ladd.

Senator Ladd, Expert Chemist, Was Native Son of Maine

There has been nothing especially adventurous or exciting in his life, but he knows all there is to know about chemistry, especially in the application of this science toward the production of food. The list of chemical societies and associations to which he belongs is a yard long.

Maine sent him into the world, the little town of Starks, and he is just turned 62. He is a solid, substantial looking person, reminding you of a doctor of medicine with a fat practice. His eyes are keen. He glances sharply, though amiably, at his callers. He wears a beard, carefully trimmed to a point and graying very rapidly.

His main desire is to see the farmers of the country get all that is coming to them, and that those persons who prey on the artless agriculturist shall get all that's coming to them, also. He interests himself in problems of taxation as well as in farm legislation and is the kind of man the Senate will get a lot of work out of in the laborious duties of committees. His home is at Fargo, where the North Dakota Agricultural College where he is yet professor of chemistry is located. Eight children received Christmas presents from him.

President Harding's successor in the United States Senate is Frank B. Willis of Ohio.



"I'm a well driller and the luckiest man in America," said Peter Norbeck, new Senator, Republican of course, from South Dakota. "I have never been beaten in contesting for office and have always been lucky in picking the right time to go after the place I wanted. Three times State Senator, a term as Lieutenant-Governor, twice Governor, then United States Senator. No special merit in it, just luck."

Sounds nice and modest, but that isn't what they think about it out in South Dakota. I have been there and I know. The men and women who have kept Norbeck in office for something like twenty years without a vacation say that he is a man they can tie to. In the last election the Non-Partisan League people assailed Norbeck savagely. They had reason to dislike him. He prevented South Dakota from being overrun with them, as North Dakota, for its sins, has been. In fact, Norbeck threatened to hang some choice specimens to discourage their peculiar methods when they sought to capture his State.

An Able War Governor, Did Much for the Nation

He was wartime Governor, and wartime Governors out in that section of the country did not have it so easy. There was coolness and even hostility toward Government war measures. It took a firm man and a good understanding patriot to abolish such people and neutralize their influence. That was Norbeck's main job and he did it in a fashion which commended him to the country in general.

About 1918 newspapers in the East began to take an interest in him. They asked: "Who is this vigorous person, anyway?" and began to print pieces about him which make him blush. He wears the complexion of modesty very easily. When it came time for the South Dakotans to select a Republican to hold the Senate seat against the Non-Partisan Leaguers there was only one choice, and Norbeck got far more votes than the leaguer and the Democrat combined.

He was born in Dakota Territory, 51 years ago, and has grown up with his State, turning from farmer to well driller and trouble shooter, and then, somehow, to politician. He is married and has four children. For the rest he weighs 240 pounds, shows a reddish face and a mustache getting gray, and vaunts that he can go out and do two men's work any day.

Coming East, by way of Ohio, he might pause at the metropolis of Lewis County, Delaware county, to hear the old inhabitants reminisce about Frank B. Willis, who occupies in the Senate the seat so

Senator O. E. Weller of Maryland, "doctor of sick corporations," is a business man on the nation's job.

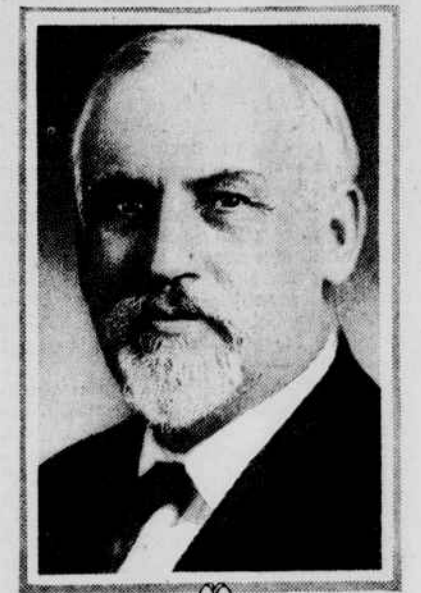


willingly vacated by Warren Gamaliel Harding of Marion. Believe it or not, there is a story in Lewis Center that the old women predicted within a few weeks after Willis's birth that he would be a great man. There is another story that he began making speeches when he was four. We do not have to believe the legend that on the day of his birth he greeted callers at the Willis house as "Fellow citizens."

Talked Himself Into Seat By His Fervid Oratory

Willis has talked himself into the Senate. He has no superior at ground and lofty

Dr. E. F. Ladd, Senator from North Dakota, is the first chemist to sit in the upper house.



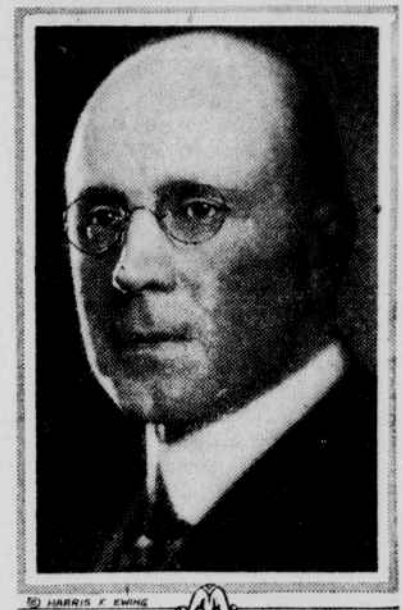
oratory. He has made speeches two hours long about every stripe and every star in the flag. No orator out of Ohio was ever able to roll out the name of the State as Willis can do it. O-H-I-O! stunning the helpless echoes. He hardened his political muscle wrestling with Cox, the same James M. Cox who, it may be recalled dimly, walked for President against the present incumbent.

Willis usually got beaten, but he won once or twice, enough to keep him hopeful and cheerful, and then came a bit of luck. Harding nominated for and elected as President, and a vacant seat. Ohio had heard so many of Willis's speeches that the people out there naturally wanted to give others an opportunity.

So they sent him to the Senate, where Lodge lets him talk a few minutes now and then. He is kept in reserve as a valuable asset in case the opposition needs severe treatment, a four hour long speech.

He is 50 years of age and has served time in the House twice. He is tall, square

Brooklyn is the birthplace of Tasker L. Oddie, Nevada's Senator, who once was a prospector.



shouldered, very dark of complexion, carries a mane of black hair, which he clutches violently in the throes of speech-making, and owns a voice which quivers the stars in their courses.

Maryland, caught in the Republican torrent last year, elected as her junior Senator a doctor of unique practice, O. E. Weller. He is, or has been, one should say, a doctor of sick corporations. Financiers, alarmed over the state of health of ailing concerns, sent for Weller. He hastened to the bedside, felt the pulse, took the temperature and wrote the prescription that did the business.

The new Senator from Maryland is the not particularly common combination of keen lawyer and keen business man. After he had practiced law for a time he got into the habit of applying legal acumen and hard sense to business, and in that way earned reputation as a skillful physician for sick corporations.

Spent \$16,000,000 for Roads And Never Was Criticized

The achievement he is proudest of is spending \$16,000,000 for Maryland's good road system without a criticism from the always watchful Democratic enemy. He was president of the State Roads Commission for several years and won credit for making every dollar of the \$16,000,000 do an honest dollar's work. He was in politics off and on before he came to the Senate, but he was beaten for Governor in a close race six years ago.

In 1916 he managed John W. Weeks's campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination. Last year he gave former Senator John Walter Smith the only defeat that statesman ever suffered in thirty-two years.

Weller is 59, tall, spare, sharp as a knife blade. His abilities, never showy, are highly respected by the solid men of the Senate. He is especially interested in naval affairs and in the well being of the Naval Academy, from which he was graduated in 1881, the small navy days when there was no future in the service for a bright young man.

Girls Braver Than Boys, Noted Authority Finds

THAT girls are braver than boys is the observation made by Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, nature study guide of the Camp Fire Girls of America and formerly scout naturalist of the Boy Scouts Association. Dr. Bigelow includes in this category girls from 10 to 15. After that age he says they acquire the fears and inconsistencies of women.

"The average woman does not understand girls," This is another of Dr. Bigelow's unique statements and a discovery he has made in his quarter of a century of experience as an educator of girls. He has discovered that not only do they not understand them but also that they are unsympathetic toward them.

Dr. Bigelow for the last twenty-five years has been associated with select private schools for girls as a nature lecturer and guide. He is well known as a naturalist guide in girls' camps, also as president of the Agassiz Association at Sound Beach, Conn. "And—I am of age—60 my last birthday," he says laughingly. "So wise enough to speak only of what I know."

"Girls are not only braver than boys, they are the bravest of the four sexes, namely, men, boys, women and girls," says Dr. Bigelow.

Dr. Bigelow illustrates this by instancing his experiences with parties who come to visit his apiaries at Arcadia, Sound Beach, Conn.—the home of the Agassiz Association. Dr. Bigelow knows that bees will not sting if they are handled with gentleness and understanding. And he proves this by taking the combs from the hives while the bees are actively working on them.

Dr. Bigelow encourages his visitors to handle the combs. "Roll up your sleeves and come along," he says joyfully as he leads his party to the beehives. But all do not come along, and all do not roll up their sleeves. The women run to the furthest part of the field. The men are stolid, shrug their shoulders, say that it is nothing to handle bees but do not go too near them. The boys, says Dr. Bigelow, pull their coats about their faces and sheepishly shrink away, protesting, "Naw! I don't want to touch them."

But—the girls! Invariably, says Dr. Bigelow, they rush eagerly forward, crying out, "Oh, Daddy Bigelow, let me do it." And absolutely unafraid they reach into the hives and take out the combs.

"Another test by which I could always

tell a boy even if he were dressed as a girl," says Dr. Bigelow, "is by quickly and unexpectedly running my fingers through his hair and saying brusquely, 'Do you want your hair cut off?' A boy will always shrink back and pull away. A girl never does. She simply laughs and remains still. Yet it is to be supposed that a girl values her hair much more than a boy values his. Of course the reason for the girl's lack of fear may be that she intuitively reads character better than the boy does."

The girl is much franker than the boy. In fact, says Dr. Bigelow, no one in the world is as frank as the girl between 10 and 15. She says exactly what she thinks. The boy, on the other hand, rarely does.

But the girl's frankness and bravery do not last. According to Dr. Bigelow, as she develops into womanhood these qualities are replaced by the art of dissembling and so the fears supposedly appropriate to womanhood.

"Because girls get the poorest deal," says Dr. Bigelow, "men regard them as a future marriageable proposition which still must conform to a certain pattern. Women unconsciously regard them with suspicion, fearing that they will not become cast in the molds of that pattern. And so under the pressure of these preconceived attitudes the frank, brave girls become inconsistent women who in turn regard girls with suspicion."

"Women on the whole are not in favor of sending their daughters to camp," said the naturalist. "They cannot understand healthy animal instincts in girls. That a boy should want to go to camp is quite natural and right, but to let 'my daughter' go—at first the idea is unthinkable. 'Why,' one mother said to me recently when the subject was mentioned, 'it would be absolute cruelty to take my child away from me for two months. She knows that mother is the best friend she has in the world. You do not know what companions we are and what good times we have together.'"

"Girls have as much desire for girl companionship as boys have for boy companionship." This is what Dr. Bigelow calls the "gangster" instinct in young people. And this to-day, he says, is not expressed in afternoon teas and sewing parties so much as it is exemplified in the outdoor life of freedom and sports. Here frankness and bravery are not regarded as unmanly and unbecoming. Here the girls can be themselves unhampered by the projection of the adult's point of view.

Ticket Choppers Now Have to Go

THE subway is fast being outfitted with drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot turnstiles. Thus the inventive brain of man continues to make less necessary the hand of man. This time it is the ticket chopper who is eliminated.

The ticket chopper has long been an picturesque figure in the subterranean life of Manhattan. His business, as the name suggests, has been to chop up the little paper tickets that millions of New Yorkers have dropped each year into hundreds of transparent glass repositories located at all subway stations.

The change was, of course, duly celebrated by the literary bureau of the Interborough. Nothing is kept secret from us these days. We are told all. We know the number of miles of track there are in Manhattan, Brooklyn and The Bronx. We know the per capita cost of hauling. We know the number of passengers that may be crowded into a single car without greasing the entrances—or the passengers. Some day the sporting department of the literary bureau is going to publish the ring records of the husky gentlemen who appear during the rush hours to act as guards.

Posters went up mysteriously overnight announcing that there would be "No More Standing in Line."

"Rather handsome of them, eh?" said Biggs. Biggs is a normal New Yorker. He deprecates the subway to his neighbors and

business associates and boasts about it to visiting friends and relatives.

"You will observe," he continued, "there is nothing said about no more standing. Just no more standing in line. Yessir, they aren't going to make us stand in line. Handsome, what?"

The ticket chopper, we fear, will not be much missed. He was never permitted, much less expected, to develop any particular personality while on the job. He stood or sat, in summer or winter, spring or fall, a rather pasty faced, silent Cerberus—with a look of southern Europe—who seemed to have been handed an Interborough coat and hat before he was fairly off the boat. There is no evidence that it ever was necessary for a ticket chopper to speak English. So far as that goes, there is no evidence that it is necessary for the conductors on the subway trains to speak English. They use a kind of boiled potato dialect of their own and trust to the signs on the posts.

All the ticket chopper had to do was to witness that every one who came down into the maw of the subway dropped a ticket into the box—or had some one do it for him.

As he invariably looked down at the glass box probably only children and dwarfs caught his eye. So much of our social and business contact is on an eye-to-eye basis that the ticket chopper was palpably at a disadvantage. He came to know more about feet than faces. It was, indeed, an obstacle to his success as a social animal. He could never authoritatively declare whether a

pretty lady was endowed with heavenly blue or bewildering brown eyes. The only thing he felt sure of was whether she was addicted to soft corns.

Sometimes during the inactive hours—so greatly regretted by the Interborough officials—he would abandon his post altogether. These were times that tested the mettle of the prospective passenger. The field was unguarded. It always looked like a splendid chance to score a touchdown. It was more apparent than real. The ticket chopper could be counted upon to be hiding behind a convenient pillar or a billboard. At the slightest hesitation the ticket chopper poked his head into the open, gazing suddenly at the glass box. It did make a man feel uncomfortable.

It may be that the ticket chopper was a social failure because his work was never done. A railway conductor or a tugboat captain may prove the most delightful of companions once his routine is accomplished. The ticket chopper's routine never was accomplished. Just after he had spent five minutes chopping up all the tickets that 200 persons dropped some lowlife would come along and start the thing all over again. He was chopping on a treadmill. Futility—despair—monomania!

Small wonder that the ticket chopper always seemed to hang his head—although it may be that the Interborough cap didn't fit. Soon all the new turnstiles will be in and New York will forget that there ever was the human equation whose line of vision contrived to make him a rather lonely and unenviable figure of contemporary life.